

THE WAYNESBURG REPUBLICAN, Office in the building, east of the Court House, is published every Wednesday morning, at \$2 per annum, in advance, or \$3 per annum, if not paid within the year. All subscriptions are payable in advance. No paper will be sent out of the State unless paid for in advance, and all such subscriptions will invariably be discontinued at the expiration of the time for which they are paid.

Communications on subjects of local or general interest are respectfully solicited. To ensure attention, the name of the author, not for publication, but as a guarantee against misquoting, must be addressed to the Editor.

## Poetry.

### DEDICATION POEM.

The following poem was read by General Chalmers on the dedication of Antislavery Cemetery. Teeming with patriotic passages and referring to scenes and incidents with which a large majority of those present were more or less familiar, it elicited frequent bursts of applause. The poem is as follows:

Upon a bright September morn,  
Five years ago to-day,  
The pleasant hills of Maryland  
Green and untrodden lay;  
While Autumn leaves were strewn around,  
In purple and in gold,  
Like that Assyrian host o'er which  
The plague at midnight rolled.

The pheasant beat his long tattoo  
Where soon the drum would play,  
And merrily Antislavery  
Went singing on its way;  
But many a tattered banner thrilled  
Upon the army wall,  
As if it felt the coming  
Of a trumpet sound to fall.

The tramp of Lee's battalions  
Struck faintly on the ear,  
As thunder in the distance tells  
A storm is drawing near;  
While stretched along you bristling height,  
The Rebel lines of gray,  
Like leaden clouds that soon will burst  
In ruin and dismay.

But round the Flag of Freedom  
Her stalwart yeomen stood,  
Resolved its stars should never set  
Till they were won in blood,  
Not flower of speech lost on the blast  
Had answered her appeal,  
But marches, like a gathering storm  
Or avalanche of steel.

With every battle adding  
To the number of their tread,  
As if the Revolution's graves  
Were giving up the dead;  
Or standards fighting in their dreams  
The Punic was again,  
Woke, in a holier cause to bleed  
On Antislavery's plain.

The combat opened, and between  
The volleys whistling then,  
From every sulphur-cloud, were heard  
The cheers of Hooker's men;  
And where the yellow cloud had waded  
Artillery sowed the field,  
With shot and shell, that make it still  
An iron harvest yield.

'Mid showers of grape and canister,  
Along our lines of blue  
The sons of Sevier struck with  
The arm of sixty-two,  
Beneath our Flag the Lord of Hosts  
Fought on this reeking sod;  
For traitors to their country  
Are traitors to their God.

In Freedom's holy brotherhood  
The Saxon and the Gael,  
Shoulder to shoulder, as they fell,  
Sawed glory's crimson pall;  
The Pennsylvania lumberman  
And Western mountaineer  
Across the swartly rader lay,  
With empty musket, here.

Here fell the dauntless Mansfield,  
What streaming locks of snow  
Could never for a moment chill  
The fiery heart below;  
And yonder bridge, that Burnside  
So gallantly did hold,  
Is now as classic as the Pass  
The Spartans held of old.

Young Rodman, as he prostrate lay,  
Still waved his flag on high,  
And faintly, with his dying breath,  
Sent up a battle cry.

Well might Duryea, as true a knight  
As ever couched a lance,  
Smile gently to behold his zouaves,  
With a springing step, advance,  
And in their onset Meagher's brigade  
Of Erin's hardy sons,  
Panted not till they were looking down  
The muzzles of the guns.

The burly form of Hooker,  
Tossed on the surging flood  
Till he had shown a rifleman  
The color of his blood;  
While Sumner, Meade and Sedgwick,  
Like old campaigners made  
Raw striplings breast like regulars  
The galling cannonade.

Historic Maryland! such deeds  
Have made, with brilliant gleam,  
A Marathon of every plain,  
A Nile of every stream,  
And never more would Europe boast  
Of her scarred grandsons,  
Could she have seen the work that day  
Done by our volunteers.

Four times you wood was won and lost,  
Where lay the foe entrenched;  
And to its staff our banner clung  
In scarlet robe bedrenched;  
When onward went the brave troops,  
That never charged in vain—  
Our lion-souled Green Mountain boys,  
And lumbermen of Maine!

And from their masked intrenchments  
The veteran ranks within,  
Were hurled as if each bayonet  
A thunder-bolt had been.

Ah! sweetly by the planter's porch  
The orange tree will rise,  
But nevermore its snowy bloom  
Will cheer his wistful eyes;  
For many a year to come his blood,  
That bled or bled in vain,  
Will make thy roses, Maryland,  
Spring with a redder hue.

Till grow the host that fought beneath  
The fallen stars; and then—  
The gray wolves backward, inch by inch,  
Retreating to their den—  
Unto the cover of their works  
The baffled horse withdrew;  
And soon, upon the crest of strife,  
The evening sprinkled dew.

The martial strains rose from our camp,  
And as the wounded listened  
The nervous hand was clenched again,  
Again the glazed eyes glistened;  
Some thought of dear ones, who, afar,  
Would name from the pillow,  
Or maidens who that night would sit  
Alone beneath the willow.

Some thought of stately marble halls  
That in the city towered,  
And others of an humble cot  
Amid the vines entwined;  
Yet where'er the thoughts were turned,  
The memory's magnet drew them,  
As a spot was hallowed by the name  
Of "Home, sweet home," unto them.

When the morn in beauty broke,  
These heroes who had striven  
So nobly for their homes, had found  
A better one in Heaven,  
Then softer grew the hard brown hand,  
As, with a woman's care,  
Rough soldiers gently bore away  
Their fallen comrades there!

And when the last long trench had closed  
Above unnumbered slain,

# The Waynesburg Republican.

JAS. E. SAYERS,

FIRMNESS IN THE RIGHT AS GOD GIVES US TO SEE THE RIGHT.—Lincoln.

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

VOL. XI.

WAYNESBURG, PA., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1867.

NO. 16.

## Terms of Advertising.

ADVERTISING is inserted at \$1.50 per square for three insertions, and 25 cents per square for each additional insertion; (ten lines or less counted a square). All transient advertisements to be paid for in advance.

First-class notices under the head of local news will be charged invariably to secure a line for each insertion.

A liberal discount made to persons advertising by the quarter, half-year or year. Special notices charged one-half more than regular advertisements.

JOHN P. KELLY, of every kind in Plain and Fancy colors: Hand-bills, Blanks, Cards, Pamphlets, etc., of every variety and style, printed at the shortest notice. The Republican Office has just been re-fitted, and every thing in the printing line can be executed in the most artistic manner and at the lowest rates.

A change of sentiment rapidly occurred, its utility was universally acknowledged, and its benefits everywhere eminently realized; so that the society has long since been assigned an honorable rank among its kindred associations in this country, and actually surpasses in usefulness those for which the rural districts of Europe have for ages been distinguished.

This usefulness is conspicuously manifest on every land in the increased and still increasing interest that is being evinced for the improvement of everything connected with and pertaining to agricultural pursuits—the fertilization of the soil, the raising of horses, cattle and other stock, and the invention and manufacture of hundreds of improved implements to lessen the duration and difficulty of the farmer's toil, increase his crops, and consequently add to the value of his lands. It has tended largely to extend the views, refine the tastes, and to give greater impetus to the energies of those engaged in the mechanic arts and in the cultivation of the soil; and the country has put on new attractions to delight the senses with beautiful buildings, highly cultivated fields, gardens, fruit and flowers. Under its influences "the wilderness and the solitary places have been made glad and the desert to rejoice and blossom as the rose."

The progress of this institution in its useful influence has been steadily onward, and notwithstanding the storm of civil strife that for more than four long years swept with such violence over the country, calling the artisan from his workshop, the farmer from his plough, and spreading death, destruction and desolation on every side, the Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society still lives, and we can reasonably hope that renewed and still more determined energy and vigor will strengthen it in the performance of even greater good.

Happily that terrible contest has been terminated. The strong arms and stout hearts of the men who loved their country better than their lives, with the unbending aid which Divine Providence gives to every good cause, have been successful, and the attitude of our Republic to-day is that of a strong fortress beaten in vain by the wrathful billows, now subdued and broken at its base; with a tried foundation, marked with the scars of the conflict, shaken but not broken; crowned with the symmetrical temple of liberty—the sacred shrine of human rights forever the home of freedom, the sanctuary of the oppressed. We can now say to the sword, "Return to thy sheath," and to the plough and sickle, "Go forth," that all wounds and jealousies may be healed, the people inspired with renewed patriotism, and the nation grow exceedingly in strength and greatness, and in the principles of universal liberty and Christian brotherhood.

In agriculture, manufactures and all the arts "revel in the land," spread fleets upon every river, lake and sea; extend railroads wherever they will best accommodate travel and the transit of merchandise at the least possible cost; protect the industry of the country from foreign competition; with reverence maintain the sanctity of the laws; and with hopeful patriotism spread abroad and maintain the starry banner of the country, and look upon it as the brow of promise and the undiminished emblem of our unity. Then every citizen of the Republic will realize the beauties of civilization, and in the cultivation of the refinements and enjoyments of education appreciate and fully realize that his life is emblematic of the beautiful motto of our beloved Commonwealth, "Virtue, Liberty and Independence."

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## ADDRESS TO THE PEOPLE.

### An Important Paper.

#### TO THE UNION REPUBLICAN VOTERS OF ALLEGHENY COUNTY:

The time is at hand when your services are again required at the polls. The standard-bearer of loyalty for the State is in your cherished friend and fellow-citizen, the Hon. Henry W. Williams.

When one of your own best citizens has been nominated for the only State office to be filled, it is eminently proper that every vote should be polled, and a majority given him such as will satisfy our friends abroad that Allegheny county not only appreciates her eminent son and jurist, but with sleepless vigilance watches over the interests of the entire country.

Either Judge Williams or Sharswood, for the next fifteen years, if spared, will occupy a seat upon the bench of the Supreme Court of the State, and may be the point upon which may turn vasty important questions in which you are all deeply interested.

With the former you are intimately acquainted. You know him as a christian, a scholar and a patriot; as an honest man and able jurist. Whilst of Judge Sharswood you have no personal knowledge upon which to depend as a guarantee of the future. You have heard of him as the Judge who decided greenbacks unconstitutional and worthless, an opinion which, if carried out, would have withheld from your army the very provisions necessary for the suppression of the rebellion.

In the choice you are to make, consult your own safety, do not fail to remember that one or the other of these two men during their term of office may be called upon to decide questions connected with the public securities of the country, with pensions, bounties and other interests growing out of the rebellion. On your own ballot rests the responsibility of sound or unsound interpretation of the law.

But fellow citizens, there is a higher purpose still to be accomplished by your ballots. The country is far from being at rest. The rebel erator continues to throw out his livid flames and light up the whole horizon with new and untold dangers. A President who came into power by the hand of an assassin, beguiled and seduced by the Blacks and Blairs, has turned assassin upon his own repeated pledges of loyalty. From being a pretended Moses of the down-trodden African, he has become the Moses of the rebels. At every step he has trampled upon the will of the people by violating the Civil Rights bill, the Freedmen's Bureau bill, the Congressional Reconstruction bill, and not satisfied with these demonstrations of hostility to the wishes of the people as expressed through their Representatives in Congress, he expelled from office the illustrious Secretary of War, Stanton; the loyal military commanders of the Southern Districts, Sheridan and Sickles. He issues a proclamation of general amnesty, and is now engaged in endeavoring to arrange the registration of rebels, so as to allow them to vote and resume their control in the councils of the nation. The Constitutional amendment but for him would have met with Southern endorsement.

He has denounced Congress and assumed to himself the right of substituting his own measures of policy for the will of a majority of the nation constitutionally expressed through the ballot box. He is in daily communion with Jeremiah Black, an avowed secessionist, and now rumors of threatened revolution are sent abroad as the result of these secret conferences—greatly damaging the business interests of the country, affecting the price of gold and paralyzing the great industrial pursuits of the nation.

Battles have been fought and won, and blood in profusion spilt to stave the aggressive march of slavery until the Almighty, in his Providence, has smitten the hydra-headed monster and compelled it to drop and die. Southern men acknowledge the Providence, and accept the result; but Andrew Johnson, under the guidance of the Blacks and Blairs, with leading Southern rebels, with malignant hate for the Republican anti-slavery cause, are endeavoring to reinstate in power the Democratic party, and, if possible, thwart the purpose of a wise and overruling Providence.

To effect this purpose they appeal to the basest passions of human nature, excite and cling to prejudices of the worst kind, and connect themselves with every issue in the land. What intelligent man desires to fall back upon Pierce and Buchanan times? Who does not remember the Democratic party as the sworn ally of slavery? Had made rapid strides towards the building up of an oligarchy, which, in the end, would have proved destructive to the interests of the laboring classes? Who has forgotten that celebrated sentence in Buchanan's message, "Reduce the nominal to the real standard of value throughout the world," by which the laborer here would have been reduced to the standard of the pauper labor of Europe? and who does not know that the Democratic party designed to inaugurate that policy because their Southern masters required them to do so?

The Republican party, on the other hand, favors progress, development of the resources of the country, affording

employment to the laborer with remunerative prices. We invite all to come to our aid in this important crisis—you who come to our shores from other land, as well as those who were born among us. Throw aside all hesitation, and join us heartily. Though in the past our party may not have done what was expected by every class, and some may have felt disappointed, yet all must admit that the Republican party is not only the party of progress, but the party that advocated, and will insure to all classes, the largest liberty, civil, political and social.

To the Workingmen's Organization we make an appeal, as we conceive, addressed to their best interests at the present time. That they should advocate and support by their votes such men and measures as will permanently advance their classes in intelligence, morals and wealth, no Republican will deny, and we venture the assertion, that in the past legislation of our party, no act has been done that has been prejudicial to that large and worthy portion of our population. In fact we are all "workingmen," and it will be difficult to call out from our masses any respectable number of men who are not in the true sense "workingmen." The only well defined class that do not in some way come under the denomination of "workingmen," are known by the popular name of " loafers." Hence we are a working people in a working community. The laborer of to-day becomes the mechanic of to-morrow, and so we advance till old age disposes of the busy hosts who through life's highways. The genius of our free institutions verified the scripture—"He that worketh not, neither should he eat"—and the sons of a majority of the wealthy to-day prove the verity of that scripture; for how few of them take care of, or increase, the wealth that their industries, hardworking fathers have labored to accumulate? It is this numerous class called "workingmen" that politicians, out of office and power, seek to influence, so as to regain their lost supremacy; and without charging want of intelligence upon those calling themselves by that honorable name, may we not inquire whether their present organization does not include among its professing friends some men not wholly free from the taint of the late defunct Democracy. We do not charge that the organization is designed for any other than a worthy purpose, but we fear designing demagogues outside of it, and perhaps in it, may endeavor to use it to injure the Republican party. And what candidate on the Republican ticket is there who should merit the opposition of the working classes? We venture the assertion that there is not a man on that ticket who is not thoroughly identified with the hardworking interests of the country. And being put in nomination by the party in power, under whose rule the country has been, and is being rescued from rebellion and ruin, is it just to them, or safe to the country, to defeat their election? Having throughout the dark days of the past, stood side by side with the loyal masses, who rallied under the Republican banner, on the battle-field, and at the polls. Why will you now withhold your aid in the hour of our country's greatest peril? Do not the great interests of us all still demand the same hearty co-operation? Are we not all brethren, and if so, why should we now "fall out by the way?"

Every change showing a decrease in the Republican vote, or a defeat of that ticket, all over the country, is seized upon by the red-handed "unreconstructed" Rebels and their willing allies—the Copperheads—who have been planning the overthrow of Republicanism and the policy that crushed and, it sustained, will utterly destroy treason, both in the Cabinet and in the field. With the noble patriot statesmen of the country, who have been sustained by that phalanx of warriors in the field, Grant, Sheridan, Logan and their companions in arms, let us, in God's name, finish the good work committed to our hands, and do it well.

A little scrutiny will discover the recent workings, outside of your present very respectable organization, of the veteran neomancers of the defunct anti-war-so-called Democracy, and not a few of their number make loud professions of supporting the Workingmen's nominees. Will they do it? Will they on election day "vote early," and vote that ticket? Look well to them, and see their ballot put into its place before you believe them. They will deceive you certain—rely upon that—and will endeavor to get Republicans and War Democrats to vote the Workingmen's ticket; but they will vote the Copperhead ticket solid, and they will not vote early. The effort is not to elect workingmen with these droll forces—relics of Buchanan, Black & Co. Democracy—but to defeat both the Republicans and Workingmen all over the State; and then what a picture would be presented to the country? The defunct Copperhead party galvanized into spasmodic life, supported by the unwarmed traitors of the South, will meet, inspired with fresh hopes of national control, and attempt to "fight all their battles over again." Have we not sacrificed enough? Can we afford to lose all we have gained, and still bear up under the burthen of in-

curved in defending the life of the Republic? It behooves every patriot in the land to stand firm in the present hour, and to battle stoutly against the forces re-arranged against the policy under which rebellion was crushed. Let loyal voters cast the ballot for the party that raised and sustained our banner through the dark days of the rebellion, and that will still bear aloft that emblem of liberty and equality, until treason shall verily be made odious, in whatever shape it may appear, and the industrial interests of our country shall again be restored to a basis of permanent prosperity. "We cannot afford to swap horses crossing the stream," even if we feel inclined to trade. Suppose Judge Sharswood should be elected to the Supreme Bench of our State, and his influence on the legal tender question should again be brought to bear on our currency, what result would follow? If it should become his lot to determine, by a majority of the bench, the question whether we can pay a debt, note or bond in lawful currency, with greenbacks, or buy gold for that purpose at high premiums, his late decision denying that they are lawful money would again meet us, and then what results would follow? "Confusion worse confounded" would hardly give an idea of our condition. Every man that owns a dollar, or expects to pay for his support, must see that he will be committing financial suicide in voting to elect that Judge. On the other hand, we present a candidate, Judge Williams, in every respect the equal of the Democratic nominee—he is in his private character as respectable as he may. And in the higher character of a loyal Judge, we challenge comparison.

Every decision he made during the war involving the sustaining of the Government, was promptly delivered on the side of his country, and every pulse in his veins beat in harmony with the life throbs of the Republic.

Elect him, and no danger will threaten the value of our money, and in all other questions his past life is security for his future integrity and ability.

S. A. PURVANCE, Ch'm  
JAMES VEECH,  
ALEX. M. WATSON,  
GEORGE SLOCUM,  
G. STENGEL,  
WM. NEEB,  
B. F. LUCAS.

## THE STATE FAIR.

Gov. Geary's address, at the State Fair, held at Pittsburgh, on the 24th, 25th, 26th and 27th inst., we give to our readers, but the proceedings entire are too long for our columns. After being escorted from the city to the fair ground by a large concourse of soldiers and citizens, headed by a band of music and being appropriately received in a speech from R. Biddle Roberts, the Governor replied as follows:

ADDRESS OF GOV. GEARY.  
GEN'L. ROBERTS—I trust that you, sir, and the citizens of Pittsburgh, will accept my grateful thanks for this most gracious and enthusiastic welcome. That some of my old friends, my companions—companions of my youth—and comrades on the field would have turned out to welcome me on this occasion, might reasonably be anticipated; but such an overwhelming welcome as this, sir, was not expected by me, and to express the feelings of one's heart under such circumstances is not possible. As a public officer I might consider this one continuous sign of admiration. As an individual I can only express my sincere and heart-felt thanks.

It is exceedingly pleasant to visit Pittsburgh at any time. Hundreds of historic recollections crowd upon us when we think of its past history, and at the present time you have incontestible evidence of prosperity, progress and contentment. The pillar of smoke that hangs over your city, by day is like the pillar of old. You have reverted to my service in the field. In performing this I did nothing but my duty, and what I have done has passed into history, and belongs to the people—it is their property. [Applause.]

Having spoken to you I will not address myself to the members and supporters of this great Agricultural Society.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—Deeply sensible of the distinguished honor that has been conferred in selecting me to inaugurate the ceremonies and proceedings of the Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society, I am happy to appear before you for that purpose, on this interesting occasion of its annual exhibition.

Sixteen years ago a few intelligent citizens of the State, actuated by a spirit of enterprise and benevolence, a zealous regard for the promotion of the interests of agriculture and the mechanic arts, and for the honor and prosperity of this good old Commonwealth, assembled together and organized this now highly prosperous, substantial and useful association.

It was exceedingly difficult at its commencement to convince any considerable number of farmers, mechanics and artisans that any material benefit could accrue to them from such an institution, and hence it was for some time regarded with apathy and indifference. But as its advantages began gradually to develop themselves,

a change of sentiment rapidly occurred, its utility was universally acknowledged, and its benefits everywhere eminently realized; so that the society has long since been assigned an honorable rank among its kindred associations in this country, and actually surpasses in usefulness those for which the rural districts of Europe have for ages been distinguished.

This usefulness is conspicuously manifest on every land in the increased and still increasing interest that is being evinced for the improvement of everything connected with and pertaining to agricultural pursuits—the fertilization of the soil, the raising of horses, cattle and other stock, and the invention and manufacture of hundreds of improved implements to lessen the duration and difficulty of the farmer's toil, increase his crops, and consequently add to the value of his lands. It has tended largely to extend the views, refine the tastes, and to give greater impetus to the energies of those engaged in the mechanic arts and in the cultivation of the soil; and the country has put on new attractions to delight the senses with beautiful buildings, highly cultivated fields, gardens, fruit and flowers. Under its influences "the wilderness and the solitary places have been made glad and the desert to rejoice and blossom as the rose."

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## Political.

### THE DUTY OF THE HOUR.

The great truth for the people of this country to bear steadily in mind is, that the success of the Democratic party is hailed by all the enemies of the American Government and the American principle as their victory. If that party could now return to power the real result of the war would be indefinitely postponed, and our politics would continue to be a contest to settle the civil equality of all citizens, the old leaders, trained in the school of slavery, would renew the old debate upon the old policies which sprang from that fruitful root of iniquity. Even now their only cry is "Nigger equality!" In a country of more than thirty millions of people, of whom a scant four millions are colored, and the great majority of them just emancipated, the Democratic party appeals to the false pride and the prejudice and the passion of the white race to save the country in the name of Heaven from "nigger equality" and "nigger supremacy." It is as inexplicably degrading and humiliating as every other cry and policy of the sullen federal and reactionary spirit in this country which calls itself "Democracy."

The conscious want of the country, of all the people and all the interests in it, is peace, but how shall peace be secured except by the will of the people as expressed in Congress? That will has defined the terms upon which the late rebel States may resume their places in the Union. The President insists that Congress has no right to declare terms, and that the rebels were entitled to be represented the moment they surrendered. The Democratic party supports his theory while it repudiates it personally. And the great fact, as we said, which every thoughtful citizen should remember, is that every act of the President and every success of the Democratic party stimulate the hopes of the rebels and prolong the confusion of the country.

The Democratic party, which had become a Propaganda of slavery, furnished the theories which masked the rebellion, the leaders who commanded it, the excuses which justified it, and the embarrassments which prolonged it. It was a party morally responsible for the war. Its method of avoiding it was submission to slavery. Its policy for ending it was a confession of conquest. Forced to use the phrase of loyalty, the party has nevertheless constantly betrayed its sympathies. Its recognized leaders in Pennsylvania, who are they? They are in the most comprehensive and offensive sense—Copperheads. In Ohio who are they? Vallandigham and Pendleton. In New York? The most notorious and malignant opponents of the war. In Kentucky? Mr. Helm, whom the Democrats had just elected Governor, and who died a fortnight since, was known only as a rebel sympathizer during the war. The New York World, the chief copperhead paper in the city, hailed Helm's election as a great Democratic victory, notwithstanding he was opposed by a party of 12,000 organized Democrats, who hated radicalism, but who also hated rebellion. The Kentucky war Democrats the World would not recognize. The success of the rebel sympathizers it hailed as a great Democratic victory. And the same World, upon the news of the California election, unable to restrain its real sympathies and feelings, cried out, "Read this handwriting on the wall, ye Disunionists, who have squandered a

third of the nation's wealth, a million of its lives, who have substituted a military despotism for republican liberty in ten of the sovereign States of the Union." etc.

This is worthy of the Memphis Acrelance, or of the most malignant rebel sheet, venerated with the thinnest appearance of patriotism. It is the men of the loyal States whom the World brands as "Disunionists." It is those who would not wallow with the World before the scornful threats of the slave lords who are murderers, and in the Union, whose supremacy has been maintained by the terrible war, the States, in the opinion of the World, are "sovereign." This is the political gospel of the Democratic party. This is the vital heresy which furnished the excuse for the war; and the success of that party is the reopening of every question which the war seemed to have settled.

Is this desirable? What do we gain by it? The conscience and intelligence of the American people are represented by the dominant party—their ignorance, viciousness, and hatred of progressive free government by the Democratic party. We speak of parties, of course, not of individuals. Now intelligence and conscience may be apparently invisible for a time in public affairs, but they are the great forces, and they will have the great future of society until they acquire their natural ascendancy. If the principles of the Republican party were thrown out of power they would do exactly what they did before, they would shake us until they returned to power. Displace them now, and what have we gained? Will the hereditary apologist and ally of Slavery secure equal civil rights? Will the traditional assertor of State Sovereignty develop a noble sentiment of nationality? Will the pander to the grossest and most prejudiced ignorance stimulate general intelligence? And as for the details of administration, will the disciple of Floyd and Torrey and Cobb and Thompson teach us political honor, or the managers of the New York City Ring common honesty?

A party in power, like a dominant party of the country, is embarrassed by its sense of security. It will have whimsies and fancies. But its members should look straight at the great commanding common cause, the pacification of the country upon the principles of the war and of the Government. The quarrels of leaders, the issues of prohibition, or of whatever special projects, should be sternly disregarded in view of the necessity of this hour. Every good citizen should feel as after the shot at Sumpter, that every consideration must be subordinated to the salvation of the country; that that salvation can be secured only by rigorous organization, and that it can not be entrusted to those who first caused and then palliated that criminal assault.

THE Democratic papers are making a fuss over the fact that the father of Gen. Grant spoke at a Democratic meeting in Cincinnati last week; but they forget to publish what he said. Recollecting that Richard Smith, Esq., is the Republican nominee for Congress, the reader is introduced to the following, which we find in a Cincinnati paper:

Mr. Carey was succeeded by Mr. J. R. Grant, the General's parent, who made the following astonishing remarks:

Gentlemen—The lateness of the hour prevents me from making a speech. Between the two candidates for Congress, Mr. Smith and Mr. Carey, I will only say that you can judge them by their record. While one opposed the war, and did everything he could against it, the other favored it, and did everything he could for it. If this is a Democratic meeting, I advise you all to vote for Smith.

CALIFORNIA ELECTION.—One Democratic rooster got awake and crowed just after dark, mistaking a brouse for daylight. The Republicans have two of a majority in the California Legislature, on joint ballot; and this secures a Republican United States Senator. There were two Republican candidates for Governor; and the copperhead, Haight, is elected by 5,655 majority. The decrease in the total vote, since last election, is 14,058. Then the Democracy polled 25,584. This year they polled but 24,622, a decrease of 962. Last year the Republicans polled 34,063; this year 20,957. The Copperheads will hear from the stay-at-home Unionists at the next election.

MONTANA ELECTION.—The splendid Democratic victory over which the party has been exulting for some time past, is dwindling down to little or nothing. The actual returns show that the result is doubtful at the very worst for the Republicans. Madison county, in which Virginia city is situated, gave McLean, Copperhead, 632 majority in 1865. It gave Saunders, Republican, 200 majority at the late election. Jefferson county, which the Cops carried in 1865 by 11 majority, gives Saunders, Republican, 98 majority this year.